



THE New Republic

Soviet Escape
From Gravity
Editorial

Page 4

Southerners and Schools

I—The Defiant Ones in Virginia

By HELEN FULLER

Peking and the Overseas Chinese

By DENIS WARNER

Aldous Huxley's Pessimism *C. P. Snow*

Odyssey of Kazantzakis *J. M. Edelstein*

Will the Merchants Strike? . *Gerald W. Johnson*

JANUARY 12, 1959

25 cents



Washington Wire

No, Little Eva

WHAT YOU ARE SEEING NOW, little Eva, is an election mandate being smothered. It is an amusing and instructive sight and well worth study. You remember that election last November when Mummy and Daddy stayed up and listened to the returns and how happy they seemed next day? They talked about the "smashing" victory that had given Democrats "2-to-1 majorities" in both houses, and how different and liberal everything now was going to be!

Well, little Eva, there isn't any Santa Claus! What Mummy and Daddy forgot was the great big cushion in Washington which absorbs any election shock after an angry mass of voters tries to get a change. It is all carefully built in and organized, and it is a wonderful mechanism and we should all be proud of it.

The election brought to Congress a majority of Moderns, but it is funny to watch them now with Congress back at work, wandering around, so futile and helpless. They are as amusing as flies with their wings cut off! You see, to get committee assignments the newcomers depend on their leaders, two such nice men, Johnson and Rayburn, who have a wonderful gift of handling people. Rayburn runs things through committee chairmen and a "Rules Committee." Chairmen are picked, little Eva, not by how wise you are but by how old you are, which is charmingly nonsensical and Asiatic.

The Rules Committee? It is like a garden faucet, and you can turn bills on and off with it at will. Some of the newcomers, the Moderns, were going to reform the Rules Committee because, to tell the truth, it is run by strange old men—people who live in caves, little Eva, and don't believe anything should ever be tried for the first time—but Rayburn put a stop to *that*.

Well, over in the Senate there is a nice man, too: his name is Lyndon. He

was terribly happy over the great election victory. He said now we have a fine majority and here is a list of 11 things we must do. The funny part, Eva, was there wasn't anything on the list about better schools or civil rights legislation that your Daddy is so much interested in. Lyndon said that a nice fun-loving man named Eastland (who is all right except that he lives in a cave and eats people) would take care of *civil rights*. And then there is an amusing thing called the filibuster; but I must tell you that later on for it is beddy-bye time and if I go on any longer like this I shall fro up.

Rocky's Chances

NELSON ROCKEFELLER made a refreshingly liberal inaugural address at Albany last week which seemed to end most doubts that he's running for the Presidency.

Incidentally the happy TRB family will be interested to note that we've worked out a nice little 2-to-1 wager on Rockefeller with reader John S. Knight, who runs a newspaper or something out in Chicago, and has the odd notion that the GOP will nominate Nixon in 1960. From Knight's column "The Editor's Notebook" in the *Chicago Daily News* (in reference to one of ours):

"Spoken like a true liberal, TRB . . . always free with the other fellow's money. . . . But since you now concede, in a deplorable lack of self-confidence, that Rocky's chances are only half as good as Nixon's, I'll be reasonable and accept your terms."

In 1911 Lloyd George finally bridled the House of Lords. The nobles capitulated when he threatened to appoint enough new peers to get his way. America's House of Lords is the Senate which has a veto power over government, and it has never been bridled. This is because no outside Lloyd George can reform it—it must do it itself, if anybody does.

Actually, because of the filibuster, we have two House of Lords', one within the other, because the Southern minority

can veto the will of the Senate majority. The drive against the Senate filibuster is an attempt to curb this smaller group. It is interesting to hear the bipartisan reformers being attacked now because they advocate such a dangerous proposal as majority rule. You see, little Eva—but we won't go into *that* again.

Reason for Being

IN THE WATKINS CASE the Supreme Court asked, "Who can define the meaning of 'Un-American'?" The answer is that nobody on the House Un-American Activities Committee can, and the committee ought to be abolished. (It always reminds this writer of the story of a returned diplomat who heard his hosts denounce something as "Un-Bulgarian.") Dozens of people brought before the committee continue to be defamed with no remedy in actions for libel. Recognizing his difficult legal position after the Supreme Court judgment, Chairman Francis Walter (D, Pa.) has come up with an ingenious proposal. He wants to have jurisdiction over immigration and passport legislation added so that his committee will have some specific authority. The committee costs lots of money, has outlived its usefulness if it ever had any, and does little that the FBI can't do. Furthermore it keeps all our Allies worried. They fear we are a timid, hysterical nation, and Chairman Walter seems to keep proving it to them.

Split in the Family

EISENHOWER'S OBSESSION with a balanced budget is worrying some members of his Cabinet and the Vice President. There's a split in the family—Attorney General Rogers, Labor Secretary Mitchell, Nixon, Interior Secretary Seaton and HEW-head Flemming think the emphasis should be on constructive action, while Treasury Secretary Anderson and Budget Director Stans take the other side and needle the President against the "spenders." Here's the way *Time* magazine quotes one "angry family critic" on Eisenhower last week: "He's not so much indolent as tired and immobile. He has lapsed into almost total unwillingness to shake into the kind of action this bunch (Nixon and four Cabinet members) wants." One guesses that if this isn't Nixon himself talking it comes from somebody close by. Eisenhower faces mutiny.

T.R.B.

The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION



VOL. 140, No. 2, ISSUE 2304
JANUARY 12, 1959

THE WEEK 3
Why Make the Fight?; Escape from Gravity; Who's Your Booster?; Castro Comes to Power; Tourist Mikoyan; The Simplicity of J. Nebru; West Germany in the Middle East; France and the Common Market

ARTICLES 8
The Superficial Aspect
by Gerald W. Johnson
Southerners and Schools
by Helen Fuller
Peking and the Overseas Chinese
by Denis Warner

BOOKS 17
ART 21
THEATRE 22
MOVIES 23

GILBERT A. HARRISON, *Editor & Publisher*
HELEN FULLER, *Managing Editor*
SELIG S. HARRISON, *Associate Editor*
ROBERT EVETT, *Book & Music Editor*
F. R. RUSKIN, *Asst. to the Publisher*
Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, B. H. Haggin, Irving Howe, Gerald W. Johnson, Stanley Kauffmann, James E. King, Jr., Donald Malcolm, Helen Hill Miller, Michael Straight

Published weekly (except for omissions of four summer issues) and distributed by The New Republic, 1244 - 19th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Phone: REpublic 7-8656. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 25¢. Yearly subscription, \$8.00; Foreign, \$9.00. Armed Forces personnel or students, \$5.00. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Please include both old and new addresses. Copyright, 1958, by Harrison-Blaine, Inc.

Correspondence

► Nixon & the Animal World

SIRS:

RECENTLY Richard Nixon has been described in your pages by such contrasting epithets as a bloodthirsty carnivore who always makes straight for the "jugular," and a "chameleon," one of the gentlest of pets. Granted that he can
(Continued on page 24)

Why Make the Fight?

HIS VEXATION with the powerful Republican right wing reached such extremes in the summer of 1953 that for a time he gave prolonged thought to the idea of a new political party in America. . . . The President began to ask whether after all the Republican Party was represented by men with vision and the understanding of what was required to lead the US through the perils of the mid-Twentieth Century.

—ROBERT J. DONOVAN, *Eisenhower—The Inside Story*

THE SENATE's band of Republican "liberals" opened an uphill fight to capture the floor leadership from the "Old Guard." Senator Aiken said they had "the assurance of the President's neutrality and have respected the President's desires to be left out of this debate."

—NEWS ITEM, *December 31, 1958*

SENATORS Aiken, Cooper, Javits and Case (N.J.) and their "liberal" Republican colleagues do indeed have an uphill fight. Why do they bother to make it? Not because their commander has issued battle orders. Mr. Eisenhower has never been the political General of his party; he has been the consenting captive of its unmodern masters. The "modern" elements—that is to say the internationalists—may have been largely responsible for his nomination in 1952, but Mr. Eisenhower has seldom taken seriously his obligations toward them or their desire to re-make the GOP in the modern image.

Why, then, for the first time in recent history, have Republicans in the Senate risen up and declared war on their own leaders? And why the challenge to Joe Martin in the House? Because survival requires it.

If "Eisenhower Republicans" had had the active aid of Eisenhower from 1953 on, a revolt now may not have been necessary. They would not then have been compelled to acquiesce when a dying Robert A. Taft bequeathed his authority to William Knowland. The President would have been their leader. And the "liberals" did stand by the President again and again—only to find the President was not standing by them. With the exception of Thomas Kuchel (Cal.), all the Senate Republicans identified with the current resistance to Dirksen and Bridges voted last June in favor of freeing the President from Battle Act restrictions on the extension of economic aid to Communist-bloc nations. And they did this *after* the White House, in fear of retaliatory action by Senator Knowland, had withdrawn its support for the amendment. When the recession hit, the "liberals" hoped the Administration would take prompt and generous interest in aiding depressed areas, in building schools, in extending unemployment compensation. Again, their counsel was uninfluential.

But all this frustrating history was pre-November, 1958. On November 5, a blind man could have seen that the "liberals" had to act not only to save personal political fortunes (Senators Case and Cooper and numerous Republican Representatives come up for re-election next year), but to save their party. They understood what every Republican national convention

since 1936 has understood, that the voters will not entrust the country to a party of the past, to a party identified with Everett Dirksen's unedifying opportunism and Joe Martin's somnolent defense of ideas that might have been useful when he came to the House 34 years ago.

In the case of the Senate, at least, Aiken and his allies were destined from the start to lose their fight for the floor leadership. But the Republicans who act on the knowledge that it's time for a change will have prepared a position from which to speak to the Republican and independent rank and file. And by their determined fight, they may strengthen their bargaining position within the Administration.

Only partisan Democrats for whom the best Republican Party is the worst Republican Party will want to see the influence of such men as Case, Cooper and Javits and their counterparts in the House decline.

Escape from Gravity

THE RUSSIANS have broken another link in the chain that has restricted man's freedom to explore the universe. By achieving "escape velocity" on January 2 and projecting a vehicle beyond the moon they have opened a new dimension in space exploration, comparable to the discovery and use of electromagnetism, the quantum effect, the trans-sonic barrier breakthrough, the rocket reaction principle and nuclear fission. The physical laws of these things were formulated and understood long before men learned to prove and exploit them experimentally. For instance E. Mach knew of sonic compressibility, "sonic barriers" and shock waves, several decades before the Bell X-1 "broke through" at 800 miles per hour in October, 1947.

The early astronauts such as Oberth, Goddard, Esnault Pelterie and Rynin knew in the early 20's that a space ship could stretch and snap the elastic band of earth's gravity, if the vehicle could be projected upward at 7 miles per second. At that speed (which must be achieved above the earth's atmosphere to prevent meteor-like burnup) the vehicle can just coast upward and outward—the gravitational link broken—theoretically to infinity but practically not out of the solar system since the sun, which holds all the planets, asteroids and most comets in its gravitational thrall, will not be denied and will pull the escaping body into a new orbit approximately paralleling the parent body's (here, the earth). This is true, unless the body were fired directly toward the sun, in which case the sun would obligingly pull it into its 6000° Fahrenheit surface.

The escape from gravity, then, rather than the mere distance incidentally achieved, is the significant accomplishment. It is a feat several dozen orders of magnitude greater than launching an earth satellite. The pointing (guidance) accuracy required of the Lunik also shows a tremendous technical gain over satellite guidance. The

burnout speed of the final body too must be controlled to fantastic precision (about ± 20 ft/second out of about 36,000 ft/second), showing great refinement in propulsion control. Undoubtedly the Russians launched Sputnik III with a two-stage rocket. They carried into orbit 3,000 pounds of pay-load. By swapping some pay-load weight for new rocket propulsion, they were able to add to their burnout velocity.

Without much fanfare, then, the Russians have simply added a third stage to their $\frac{1}{2}$ million-pound-thrust, 100-ft-high, two-stage Sputnik launcher, reducing the Sputnik III pay-load from 3,000 pounds to 750 pounds, and leaving an approximately 2,000-pound new third stage, plus separation and attachment fittings.

This rather obvious development was easily predictable. The US could have done much the same thing, by taking an Atlas, sticking on a Vanguard Stage II or several available solid rockets, and launching a respectable, say 300 pound, pay-load into lunar space. But instead we made a series of theatrical quick-trys with technicians in surgical masks preparing the pay-load and a technicolor extravaganza that outdid the Wizard of Oz. Except there were no wizards here. The "talking Atlas" (any teen-age radio ham could have built a crude voice repeater relay unit!), the mad rush, the inevitable publicity diversions, the marginal hardware, the ax-grinding, the jealous compartmenting of effort gave the not unexpected result—three miserable failures, costing the taxpayer scores of millions.

These US firings have added nothing new to the state of our rocket "science," being capable of shooting out a mere 20-30 pounds of pay-load compared to the Russians' 800 pounds (plus almost 2,200 pounds of empty rocket case!). Now, the neglected Army Ballistics Missiles team, headed by Dr. Von Braun, will be expected to quiet public criticism by trying to project a piddling 20 pounds near the end of February.

With luck, we may be able to launch a lunar or near-lunar pay-load equalling the Russians' in 2-5 years. In the meantime, they will clank on massively building and working, and every time we take a jump forward, effortlessly jumping ahead again.

Who's Your Booster?

ACCORDING to reliable newspaper reports, Harry S. Truman and his former Secretary of State Dean Acheson have constituted themselves a volunteer fire brigade to prevent Sen. Jack Kennedy's campaign for the Presidential nomination from spreading out of control. Truman prefers Stuart Symington; Acheson has succumbed to Lyndon Johnson's *realpolitik*.

To "head off a bitter contest," we are told, Mr. Truman intends to come out for Symington soon. But if the magnitude of Mr. Truman's propulsive power has not notably increased since 1956 when he attempted to sell Averell

Harriman to the Democratic Convention, this blast is not likely to send Symington soaring into outer space. And it will take all of Mr. Acheson's skill as one of the newer precinct workers in Sandy Springs, Md., to wipe out the memory of Lyndon Johnson as the second biggest flop at Chicago in '56.

Castro Comes to Power

TO THE END Fulgencio Batista did his best to persuade Cubans that the United States wanted him to prevail; and regrettably, whatever US "policy" was, most of our representatives in Havana managed to appear neutral on the side of the dictator.

Take the behavior of sportsman-Ambassador (and GOP contributor) Earl Smith. Having initially expressed a humane aversion to certain excesses of the Batista police, Smith subsequently cringed before the irate dictator. His public anti-Castro utterances were so intemperate that he wrote off in advance all thought of friendly US relations with a Castro regime. The behavior of ranking officers of our military mission was equally insensitive. The US was in the awkward position of training forces of the Establishment in a civil conflict—which may not have justified withdrawal of the mission, as Castro demanded (and as some informed US observers believed advisable), but which certainly should have been enough to rule out that ostentatious testimonial last March to new Chief of Staff Tabernilla, and those smiling photos of US aid officers with top Batista cronies.

Communist influence? The fact that the US did officially profess neutrality in the civil war six months ago, and did impose an arms embargo, reflects the absence of any evidence of significant Communist penetration of the Castro movement. Washington would no more tolerate a Communist Cuba than the Soviet Union would permit an anti-Communist Poland to come into being. To be sure, Cuban Communists have identified themselves with anti-Batista sentiment. But their line has been notably cool to Castro himself. Neither Castro's brother Raoul nor his Argentine adventurer-lieutenant Che Guevara—often described as pro-Soviet—are powerful enough (or pro-Communist enough) for alarm. Another interesting fact is that the Cuban Labor Confederation emerges from the revolt relatively intact. The labor support on which Castro will depend heavily lies in the hands of non-Communist Angel Cofina, who was Castro's principal labor supporter.

NEXT WEEK

"Dunbarton"—A New Poem

by ROBERT LOWELL

Tourist Mikoyan

THEY SAID IT couldn't be done, as the ads say, but here is Anastas I. Mikoyan in Washington. He has not yet been stoned by students; no one has yet suggested impeaching the President; and the Lincoln Memorial has not crumbled.

It is all very astonishing. Government offices and newspaper files are bursting with official statements and unofficial columns which proved that our top brass would not permit themselves to be forced into bilateral talks with the Russians—and certainly not while the menacing cloud of a threat to Berlin hung in the sky. How many times was it said that top-level discussions would have to be preceded by consultation with our allies, by an agreed-upon agenda, by advance evidence of good faith, by some promise of success? But here he is—the Deputy Premier of the Soviet Union. He asked for a visa and came. And if, as it appears, he is fascinated by the way we package our products, he has come to the right town.

Of course, he is only on "holiday" with no "official task." Still, he is talking to important people, and they are talking to him. And they know and he knows that he is not a ballet dancer or a farmer, but the highest-ranking Soviet official ever to visit the United States.

The Simplicity of J. Nehru

DOES the anti-Nasser line taken by the Iraq Communists since the August coup—and the consequent chill in Cairo-Moscow relations—foreshadow a general hardening of the Soviet line east of Suez? This possibility is now being taken seriously as a result of a remarkable Soviet polemic against India's Nehru, who had, like Nasser, received unusually gentle Soviet treatment. The author of the attack is not some obscure academic functionary, writing in a little-noticed Soviet journal, but Soviet Ambassador to Peking Pavel Yudin—writing in the world Communist organ, *Problems of Peace and Socialism*.

The occasion for Yudin's 8,000-word article is an August essay in the organ of India's governing Congress Party in which Nehru referred to "the growing contradictions within the rigid framework of Communism"; he said that Communism "deprives human behavior of standards and values."

Communism has definitely allied itself to the approach of violence . . . it does not seek to change by persuasion or peaceful democratic pressures but by coercion and indeed by destruction and extermination. Fascism has all these evil aspects of violence and extermination in their grossest forms and at the same time has no acceptable ideal.

"Nehru tries to separate socialism from Communism by comparing it with Fascism," retorts Yudin. "As far as

the parallels between Communism and Fascism are concerned, only this can be said; if Communism had not destroyed Fascism, India would still have far to go in its struggle for national independence."

The Yudin assault charges that Nehru parrots what "Western propaganda says about socialism day in and day out." Throughout, the Yudin article has an irreverent and strident tone that had been absent in official Soviet comment on Nehru for at least the last six years. Nehru, he says, betrays a "simple" philosophy of history in suggesting that Communism comes in the wake of religion's decline. As for his temerity in referring to violence "in the USSR and other Socialist countries as if there were not a trace of it in India":

J. Nehru is the leader of the ruling party in India and prime minister of a government which has absolute power in the state. We find somewhat strange the position of a man who stands at the head of a great contemporary state and at the same time claims that he does not recognize force and violence. . . .

Yudin then proceeds to catalog "collective murders" committed by the Nehru government in recent clashes between police and rioting mobs. Calling for "emancipation of India from the shackles of feudalism," he warns that "the basic agrarian changes will either be affected from above, *i.e.*, by the initiative of the government, or . . . in a more radical way from below, by the people themselves. . . . If we then admit the inevitability of a struggle with the reactionary forces, we must not forget that the choice of the means of the struggle—be they peaceful or militant, violent or non-violent—depend very seldom on the progressive forces. The situation may well develop in such a manner that these forces will not be able to renounce the use of violence. . . ."

West Germany in The Middle East

Bonn

WEST GERMANS who think hard about the Middle East are convinced that they have a unique chance of hoeing some productive political as well as economic rows in that area. Western Germany is free of any slur of colonialism; it is also free of any Dullesian spirit of dedicatory leadership. In fact, the West Germans believe that they—and the Russians—have more chance than anyone else of influencing Arab nationalism in the simplest way of all—which is by giving the countries of the Middle East the prospect of solid, material progress.

The action of the Federal German Government at this stage in the Middle East becomes, therefore, obviously significant. Two months ago, Bonn sent Herr Hans-Christoph Seeböhm, Federal Minister of Transport,

to Cairo. He was the first Cabinet member to go there, and he brought back a positive report—that long-term investment in the Middle East was possible as well as necessary. A delegation—chosen by the Federal Ministries of Finance, Economics and Foreign Affairs—will shortly leave for Cairo, to study the possibilities of large-scale and long-term investment in the Aswan Dam project, but also in the construction by German firms of power plants, bridges over the Nile, and railway and port installations. The delegation will take consultant engineers along with it.

At the same time the Bundestag is sending its own representatives, from January 3 to January 28, to the United Arab Republic, Iraq and Lebanon. Its half-dozen members have been asked to look at political conditions and produce a full report on prospects of Iraq "going Communist," Lebanon lapsing into political impotence, and the United Arab Republic failing by degrees to compete with the problems of technical inadequacy and overpopulation.

But the visits of the Governmental and Parliamentary delegations have been primed by the offer of a German industrial syndicate—headed by the Ruhr building firm of Hochtiefbau—to carry out 200 million marks worth of work on the Aswan Dam project. With Hochtiefbau are associated the Krupp and Demag engineering combines. Krupp's firm is already well known in the Middle East—thanks to the good-will trips of the head of the family, Alfried Krupp. Demag has already built the fully integrated 265,000-tons-a-year steel plant at Helwan, which President Nasser opened officially in July.

Government approval in principle of the Hochtiefbau project is automatic—has not the Minister of Economics, Ludwig Erhard, indicated plainly that the biggest contribution which West Germany can make to the civilized world is in the under-developed countries? The Federal Government must underwrite the insurance risk of the project, through the 10 billion mark-geared "Hermes Insurance Corporation." The Corporation can underwrite 80 percent of basic costs of any project in an under-developed country—given government approval. The Governmental and Parliamentary teams must decide that this is worthwhile.

And they will do so, by the end of January. The West Germans are worried by Soviet infiltration of the Middle East and by the terms of the latest Soviet trade agreement with the United Arab Republic. They are worried by the fact that East German Prime Minister Grotewohl is going to Cairo in mid-January, and that the East German Republic has already agreed to invest \$24 million in long-term development schemes in Egypt. And they are worried by the mingled lassitude and preoccupation with other problems of the other Western powers. They would like Western cooperation on a grand scale in the major task of making Egypt a paying proposition.

TERENCE PRITTIE

France and the Common Market

Paris

IT IS TOO early to say if the sweeping financial reforms introduced by the de Gaulle government will extricate France from her present economic difficulties. The General, whose feeling for history far outweighs his love for economics, would no doubt like to think that the simultaneous revaluation of the franc and imposition of an "austerity" budget has brought his country back to the great tradition of French finance which stretches from Colbert to Raymond Poincaré. But here the will to sacrifice of the French people, not the will-power of the de Gaulle government, will be the deciding factor.

What is indisputable is that de Gaulle's new economic program is the most comprehensive and ambitious that any French Government has attempted since the war. The cabinet meeting at which it was finally approved lasted almost eight hours and was the longest and most hotly debated that has been held since the General took office. Had it been thrashed out in the National Assembly, as would have happened under the Fourth Republic, it would have taken two months and in all probability have been whittled down to a shadow of its original self by endless compromises.

The new budget has generally been hailed as a triumph for the orthodox economic views of the Finance Minister, Antoine Pinay. It would be more accurate, however, to describe it as a partial victory for French conservative economists. For while the cuts in subsidies to industries and farmers, the overhaul of the social security system, and the abolition of the automatic sliding-scale for wages are all in keeping with Pinay's personal economic inclinations, the drastic devaluation of the franc and the liberation of French import restrictions are not.

The credit for the bold plunge that has been made must go to others—to men like Roger Goetze, de Gaulle's closest economic adviser, Etienne Hirsch, the director of the "Plan for Modernization," and Jacques Rueff, the chairman of the committee of economic experts who were assembled to examine France's condition on the eve of her entry into the Common Market. All of these men are believers in state planning. The victory these men have won is, in the final analysis, a new triumph for Jean Monnet, who is their spiritual godfather. But it is above all a new and surprising triumph for Charles de Gaulle.

In freeing 90 percent of French imports from quota restrictions, Paris has also knocked the props out from under the recent British campaign against the Common Market. That campaign was predicated on the assumption that the French would continue to renege on their pledges to the OEEC, and that, when the showdown came, the West Germans, who have long favored freer trade, would desert their Common Market ally. Instead, Chancellor Adenauer agreed at Bad Kreuznach

to uphold France's loyalty to the Common Market, and General de Gaulle has courageously offered to pay the price for this support by moving his country's economic policies more closely into line with the Bonn Republic's.

The inauguration of the Common Market, which officially went into operation (it is often forgotten) a year ago, does not by itself pose any immediate new threat to British trade. The oft-repeated accusation that the Common Market would "build a tariff wall" around the six member countries was, to put it mildly, a grotesque over-simplification of the truth. The tariff wall was already there—higher in some countries, lower in others—and the Common Market proposes only to even out the crenulations, not to raise new ones. There was equally little truth in the argument that the Common Market would fatally divide Europe into two hostile economic camps.

A backward glance at the calendar can help to put this still-born controversy into proper perspective. At the time that the Rome treaty was signed (May, 1957), and even seven months later, when the Common Market came into effect, Western Europe and Britain were enjoying an economic boom. No particular protest against the Common Market was then voiced by London. But within the last 12 months the economic barometer has changed, and Britain, like her trans-Channel neighbors, is now feeling the pinch of an economic recession. The British textile industry has been especially hard hit by severe competition from cheap cotton goods imported duty-free from Commonwealth producers like India and Hong Kong. It is to find some new outlet for an industry plagued by a drying up of demand and competition from her former colonies that the British Government has been so anxious to expand the Common Market into a Free Trade Area.

THE Macmillan Government would have been better advised to have recognized that, in the long run, this is certain to be not simply a British, but a general European headache. For if Western Germany and France have recently been spared this problem, it is only because Germany has lost its colonies and because French industrialists have jealously insisted on maintaining a domestic monopoly over manufactures throughout the French Empire. But now that de Gaulle has given official encouragement to the political emancipation of France's African territories, the industrialization of Africa is closer than ever. The challenge of an industrialized Africa and an industrialized Asia is one which all of Western Europe, no less than Britain, will some day have to meet, and if they are to meet it successfully, they will almost certainly have to act in a spirit of farsighted consort rather than in one of shortsighted animosity.

CURTIS CATE



The Superficial Aspect

Will the Merchants Strike?

WELL, FOR once the Old Year went out with no whimper, but with a series of bangs that rattled the windows from Alaska to Florida. In evidence whereof consider:

Item, the Baltimore Colts, a professional football team playing for the national championship, led in the first half, fell behind in the third quarter, in the last nine seconds of the fourth quarter tied the score, and in the "sudden-death" period won the game. After that one can only ask, what does any bunch of college boys know about football and what does John Foster Dulles know about brinkmanship?

Item, at the close of the year the Administration won its second great, indisputable triumph. The first was when it got the image of that subversive, non-church-going character, Jefferson, off the postage stamps and replaced him with a monument. This new one was when it replaced the Heavenly Choir with the voice of Ike proclaiming from the skies, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." The gain may be open to question, but there is no doubt about the jar when you replace men with monuments and angels with mechanical gadgets—our cue, presumably, to sing *Gloria in excelsis*!

Item, the \$50 Million Incident that drove New Yorkers to reading books and magazines for 19 days in December profited nobody financially, and probably meant no gain of any kind for either the truck-drivers or the newspapers, the protagonists in this combat. But there is a possibility that it has produced an effect that neither combatant expected and that the newspapers will carefully refrain from mentioning.

This is not glaringly apparent, so let us elaborate the argument a bit. The salvage corps, raking over the debris of the newspaper strike, reports that in the absence of newspaper advertising the holiday retail trade fell off about seven percent in volume and presumably to a corresponding degree in profits. This ran to about \$10 million, the heavier part of the loss falling, not on great department stores, but on small specialty shops.

However, the case is not closed with that. In the first place, various other cities in which the newspapers were

appearing as usual, reported during the strike a falling-off in retail trade amounting in some places to five percent below the figures for last year. Furthermore, the New York department stores did not spend with the newspapers the huge sums they are accustomed to lay out for Christmas advertising. This money was not all saved for they laid out some of it for radio and television time. The net result seems to be that this season they did nearly, if not quite as well without newspaper advertising as merchants in other cities did with it.

This may have dynamited a psychological block that has existed for many years—the theory, practically amounting to an article of faith in the retail trade that without heavy newspaper advertising the holiday trade would go pfft. It did nothing of the kind this year, which is bound to lead merchants to wonder just how dependent they really are on that kind of advertising.

When they begin to speculate along that line, newspaper revenues will be in jeopardy, so it is a safe bet that the press is not going to encourage such speculation. It will go on, nevertheless, and it is possible that its effects will be apparent next Easter, and even more conspicuous next Christmas. Reckless guessers are already predicting that we shall never again see a 200-page issue of the *New York Times*.

Any such development would be painful to the newspapers, but it does not necessarily follow that it would be fatal, or even permanently damaging to American journalism. Some readjustment of the economics of the trade has been long overdue, for the existing system encourages, indeed exacts, appalling waste. I have heard an acquaintance say—and I partly believe him—that he cheerfully pays 25 cents a week for the cross-word puzzle in the *Sunday Times*; but to get it in December he lugs home many pounds of newsprint which he promptly consigns to the wastebasket.

WHEN revenue from circulation does not pay the paper bills, the operation is economically cock-eyed, for all that the reader really wants from his newspaper can be presented on much less than 10-cents' worth of newsprint. Advertising to a certain extent is news, but its news value is not increased by being presented stridently; the desired information is as valuable in 10- as in 96-point type. Perhaps merchants will be inclined to give more intelligent attention to this fact, now that they have discovered that they are not really fettered to the newspapers.

Emancipation, however, is notorious for producing dismal results before its beneficial effects appear. If the strike has in fact acted as a bondsman to spring the New York merchants, the hallelujahs are not yet in order. We may reasonably cheer the Colts, and reasonably be made sore afraid by the voice of Ike in heaven, but there is a mess to be cleaned up before we rejoice in the newspaper strike.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

Southerners and Schools

I—The Defiant Ones in Virginia

by HELEN FULLER

THE STATE that has borne the brunt of the "massive resistance" campaign against the Supreme Court is preparing to retreat. Gov. J. Lindsay Almond and Attorney General Albertis Harrison have sent word to the six other states of the old Confederacy which have made no move to comply with the 1954 school desegregation decision to count Virginia out. Watch out for falling rocks and know that Virginia has gone to prepare a safer place for you, the message said.

These other six "massive resisters" will be in no hurry to accept the invitation. In time they will follow as they have done so often in the past, but there is no reason to rush. Defiance of the Nine Men is as popular as ever. Most white people in the Deep South firmly believe as their political leaders and newspapers, with few exceptions, have told them unceasingly for four years that:

The Supreme Court decision on the schools was unconstitutional;

The federal government is interfering illegally with the right of the states to run their own schools;

Desegregation is not inevitable. If they resist long enough and hard enough, the Court will change its stand.

And most of them also believe it would be preferable to shut down schools rather than desegregate them—at least for a while.

Having created this solid body of opinion, the Deep South politicians will follow it until forced to do otherwise. And it will be months or, for most of the other six states, years before the federal courts will rule on the constitutionality of their resistance statutes and thus create pressures to change course.

In Virginia, however, the final blow to "massive resistance" is expected to fall at any moment (possibly before this article appears in print) in the form of a court ruling declaring unconstitutional the laws which closed nine schools in three cities last September to prevent desegregation. The state itself has asked the

Virginia Supreme Court to review these laws. And in a separate federal court action a group of Norfolk white parents are suing state and local officials for depriving their children of the equal treatment to which they are entitled under the 14th Amendment: their children are locked out of school while Negro and white children in other Norfolk schools attend classes as usual.

If, as most lawyers anticipate, these cases establish that the state cannot legally close one of its public schools without closing them all, "massive resistance" will soon become an ugly phrase. For Virginia officials have learned in four short months what trouble too much resistance can bring.



"Massive resistance" in Virginia did not come about by popular demand. Outside of the Black Belt area—south of the James River—the general disposition after the initial shock of the 1954 Court opinion was to prepare to accommodate to it. This was Governor Stanley's first reaction. And the influential *Richmond News-Leader's* first editorial after the decision said in effect "we must find a way to adjust to it . . . if the Court gives us 10 years, we can do it."

But in midsummer 1954 things changed. Black Belt Virginia—which has only one-sixth of the people (half Negro) but supplied all four leading candidates for Governor in 1956 and dominates the legislature—decided to fight. A delegation of several hundred from the Southside called on the Governor. A mass meeting at Petersburg, with all Congressmen and delegates from the area present, declared defiance and set to work circulating every county board of supervisors in the state: "If you don't want Negroes in your schools, write the Governor." Sixty-one county boards did. Senator Byrd, who until then had been silent, declared himself on the side of the resisters, whereupon *News-Leader* Editor James Kilpatrick marched to the head of the procession, which he has been leading ever since, writing editorials which keep the Black Belt inflamed and which read like memoranda of instruction to the Governor and the legislature, loaning

HELEN FULLER, a Southerner by birth and education, has returned from a survey trip through the Southern states. This is the first of three interpretive reports.

THE SOUTH: 1954-1958

STATES DESEGREGATING AS ORDERED:

Delaware, District of Columbia, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Oklahoma, West Virginia.

STATES DIVIDED OR DELAYING:

Arkansas, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas.

STATES RESISTING:

Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, Virginia.

fire-eating editorial writers to other editors when segregationist sentiment needs refueling in their territory, and exhuming the discredited Doctrine of Interposition upon which the "massive resistance" laws were based.

But though "massive resistance" was not of popular origin, the mass of Virginians willingly followed where Kilpatrick and the Byrd men led. Even when it appeared that schools would be closed as a result, most people remained passive. Last spring and summer in the three towns where shutdowns were scheduled for September, efforts to organize parent protests failed miserably. A few weeks later, when children were actually shut out of school, many of those same parents were ready to join local Save-the-Schools Committees, but the general public in the rest of the state still remains relatively unconcerned. "People don't get riled up until it hits right at home," those who have been hit explain.

Since September, however, there has been an important shift. Although it still is not respectable to advocate desegregation, it has become acceptable to stand for public education (Virginians understand the unspoken implication: "even if we have to let in a few nigras"). This is largely because influential state organizations which were neutral have now come to the defense of the schools. At its state meeting in November the Congress of white PTA's refused to support massive resistance and voted for local option (555-553). The Virginia Educational Association (white teachers and administrators) called on the legislature to promise that the public schools would stay open. The State League of Women Voters did the same.

Courageous individual clergymen are getting more support from clerical hierarchies. All Episcopal vestries in Virginia in October read from their pulpits a pastoral letter from the House of Bishops stating the Christian objection to segregation. (But only one vestry complied with the church's request that all of them pass concurring resolutions of support.) In almost every vestry, however, there are now teen-agers who have attended the non-segregated youth camps the Virginia Diocese has spon-

sored for the past five summers who do support the House of Bishops view.

The Baptist General Association of Virginia meeting in November refused Governor Almond a vote of confidence for his handling of the race question, and gave one instead to the president of the Southern Baptist Conference, the defeated "moderate," Rep. Brooks Hays. And even the staid Virginia Council of Churches tries to act as a deterrent force on massive resistance extremists—mindful that politicians say the only force the Byrd machine fears is the clergy.

A succession of daily papers, led by the Norfolk *Virginia-Pilot* and the *Roanoke Times*, have rejected massive resistance as a futile approach. And the *Richmond News-Leader* and *Times-Dispatch* have now joined them.

But much more disturbing to those who hold out for defiance of the Court are the signs that industry is not happy with what is happening to the schools.

When Save-the-Schools Committees from 15 communities gathered in Richmond on December 6, 1958, to form a state-wide organization, one of those present identified himself as the vice president of a new General Electric plant in Central Virginia (annual payroll: \$5 million). He was there to see what could be done to keep the schools in his area open. If they closed, he expected to lose at least one-fourth of his key employees—most of whom come from outside the state and could not be replaced under the circumstances.

Sperry-Rand in Charlottesville has already experienced what GE dreads. And Melpar, Inc., the largest employer in Northern Virginia, reports that it was having trouble holding electronics engineers and technicians even before closing threatened because of low standards in the schools.

But happy or not to be in Virginia those firms are there, and they are paying taxes, which Virginia badly needs. Norfolk banker Harry O. Nicholls broke sadder news to the Governor's Advisory Council on the Virginia Economy at a recent meeting. (Economic development was second only to continued school segregation in Almond's 1956 platform.) Mr. Nicholls reported that not a single new industry had settled in Virginia this year, although new industrial investment in North Carolina—whose token but "good faith" start toward desegregation has received court approval—totalled \$250 million in 1958.

THE ELECTION returns in 1958 contained more food for thought.

Early on the morning after November 4, Governor Almond called sleepy-eyed reporters into a downstairs room of the Capitol to hear his version of the outcome. It was "a great tribute to Senator Byrd" and "a mandate of the people to continue 'massive resistance' to the Supreme Court's decision on the schools." (Only half a million of Virginia's 3.6 million people had voted, but

that was normal in the state with the smallest average voter turnout in the country.)

Senator Byrd had been unopposed for reelection until three days before the filing deadline, when a lady doctor announced as an independent because "somebody should oppose the man who plans to close the public schools." The fact that 120,000 Virginians, almost one-third of the total, had voted for Dr. Louise Wensel (whose name many of them saw for the first time on their ballots) the Governor explained away by pointing to a Negro precinct which had gone "two votes for Senator Byrd and 274 votes for *the woman*." (Even if every Negro in the state of Virginia with a paid-up poll tax had turned out for Dr. Wensel, that would have accounted for fewer than 50,000 votes.)

WHAT was interesting was the increase in the anti-Byrd vote—in Negro and white precincts alike—where "massive resistance" had closed or threatened to close the schools. Between the 1952 and 1958 Senatorial elections the anti-Byrd vote had increased from 17 percent to 34 percent in Charlottesville; from 29 to 40 percent in Norfolk; from 25 to 48 percent in the 10th District of Northern Virginia, where Arlington and Alexandria schools are scheduled to close next; and even rose .6 percent in Warren County (Front Royal), next door to Senator Byrd's apple empire along the Blue Ridge Mountains.

This was a long way from signalling the end of the regime that has ruled Virginia for 40-odd years. But the returns carried a warning, as the Governor acknowledged to the assembled reporters: "The trouble is that many people, more or less dedicated to constitutional principles, are not willing to make a sacrifice. They finally say, 'Well, we have fought as long as we can. Now let's turn around and run the other way.'" Clearly some people who had been all for "constitutional principles" before their children lost their schools were now ready to run the other way. But many more in the same situation were not yet concerned enough to walk to the polls.

One reason was the emergency system of private classes that is operating in Charlottesville, Norfolk and Front Royal. The mothers who had been expected to revolt after Johnny had been underfoot all day for a week or so actually have not suffered too much from that. Most of the displaced children are either attending the make-shift part-time classes in such places as the Daughters of the Confederacy Museum (Front Royal), the First Baptist Sunday School or somebody's pine-panelled rumpus room, or have been entered in regular schools elsewhere.

But there are other frustrations. Mothers are bored with chauffeuring: four nine-year-olds on one block in Charlottesville go to classes in four different parts of town.

One parent whose basement is being used for a Fifth



Prodigal father

Grade says he didn't expect it to be so long—his light bills are killing him.

Many Norfolk parents are pinched to pay the private school tuition; others suffer to see their children being drawn into jobs which they almost certainly would not give up to return to high school now if it reopened.

Regular teachers in the emergency classes in Charlottesville are upset by the lack of contact with one another. Substitute teachers who are filling in want to get back to their own families.

High school juniors and seniors worry about getting into college—or having to stay in school an extra year to get a diploma. Naturally few recreation rooms have science lab equipment, and the lowered level of instruction generally must be obvious even to the student who prefers the emergency school because there is no law that says you have to go if you don't want to.

Towns, as well as parents and children and teachers, are affected. The traditional cleavage between those who value education and those who do not deepens, since those who are most opposed to education are also the most opposed to desegregation. Church congregations take sides for and against ministers with opinions on separation of the races. Members have been dropping out of Christ Episcopal Church in Charlottesville since it became the first church in town to open its doors to the segregated emergency classes. And Front Royal Baptists talked loudly of running the Reverends Staggs and

Fox out of town for opposing the closing of the high school.

Norfolk and Charlottesville have certain built-in stabilizers that help absorb such shocks. White people there are accustomed to seeing Negroes on the buses and in the libraries, in some graduate schools and nursing in hospitals. As cosmopolitan centers they have regular contact with people who do not practice segregation. Norfolk enjoys the benevolent effect of a constructive newspaper and Charlottesville that of Mr. Jefferson's University.

But Front Royal—and towns like it all across the South—have little experience of anything but the segregated way and few institutions to help them adjust to new ways. When the federal court ordered the Warren County white school to admit 17 Negroes, therefore, the shock waves gathered volume as they spread.

ABOUT 200 Negro families live in Front Royal (pop. 8,115). One-hundred-fifty of their breadwinners work in the big American Viscose plant which employs about 2,000 from the town. The plant is almost 100-percent organized by the Textile Workers' Union, AFL-CIO, and since 1948 the Negroes have met and voted with the white members, although they usually sit on the side or in the balcony. They used the union social hall for their parties, and the union voted special funds every year to buy pigs for Negro 4-H boys to raise and to pay \$24-per-month for the last 10 years to sponsor a Negro religious program on the radio. Two years ago the union threatened to withdraw its contribution from the local Little League baseball team unless it agreed to let the Negroes play. Once the local included a Negro member in a union dinner and seated him next to a leading doctor who had never sat down to table with a Negro before. "We were making progress," the business agent, Chuck Leadman, says.

The union had been making social progress too. From being the object of bricks and scorn when they began to organize Viscose in 1940, union officers have advanced to election to the city council and the hospital board, and were now consulted by plant officials as equals.

It was embarrassing, therefore, when 17 Negro students, supported by the union's Negro members, filed suit for admission to the white high school in Front Royal.

When Leadman learned about the suit from the papers, he and some others drove to Richmond to explain to NAACP attorney Oliver Hill that he should call it off, and when Hill politely refused they went home sizzling. After all they had done for the Negroes! And what risks they had run of antagonizing their new friends in the community! By the time they returned, Leadman was saying: "We don't intend to let the colored man come in and kick us around. We are now ready to fight them as hard as we worked for them before. . . . I have broke

with them because I am convinced they have not earned the right to support. . . . What we have to do to stave off integration we will do it. . . . If the colored want to travel this road, they can travel it alone."

Then on September 12 the Governor ordered Warren County High closed. Opinion on whether it was better to follow state or federal law on desegregating the schools had been about 50-50 in Front Royal up until then, good reporters say. But that began to change. Billy Armstrong, the local Byrd organization leader, passed the word that if Warren County didn't "stick with the team" there might be reprisals: maybe the legislature would overlook Warren on some appropriations.

Visitors came to town from the White Citizens Councils and the Defenders of State Sovereignty and street-corner groups began to talk learnedly of "mongrelization" and "communization"—and to accuse the few ministers who questioned closing the school of both.

The volume went higher when Jack Hamilton came to town. After Almond closed the Front Royal school, *News-Leader* Editor Kilpatrick suggested to the *Northern Virginia Daily*, which serves the area, that the local paper could use more editorial punch. To provide it he would let them have the son of his managing editor, a fiery, young arch-segregationist with a Patrick Henry style. That same week Jack Hamilton took over and began, as one resident describes it, "to really whip it up."

The voice of the moderates was scarcely audible in Warren County after his Baptist congregation threatened to fire Reverend Stagg for questioning massive resistance. And it fell completely silent after the local manager of the Viscose plant tentatively suggested they petition the state to return control of the high school to the town and met only hostility.

After that things moved fast. Eager to show that the union stood with the community against its Negro members, TWU leaders put through a \$1-a-week wage check-off to pay for private classes for the locked out white students (amounting to \$1,600-\$1,700 per week, 50 percent of the total budget). Leadman suggests that Senator Byrd may have been of some help in arranging through the head office of Viscose in Philadelphia for the company to perform this unusual service.

Subscribers and advertisers expressed their disapproval of editorials in the weekly *Warren Sentinel* condemning the school closing by cancelling subscriptions and ads (the largest department store later found that this was not popular with its charge account customers who also value schools and put its ads back in the paper.)

Front Royal slowly froze into a policy of non-recognition of its Negro citizens. And today no white worker in the Viscose plant will speak to a Negro, and the company is being urged to bar Negroes from the cafeteria and canteen they have always shared. It is understood, however, Leadman says, that "nobody is going to get clobbered." The 150 Negroes in the plant are standing

together—except for one who took the floor in union meeting to say he was tricked into signing the petition for admission of the Negro students to Warren High. Not many of the others come to the union hall any more.

There is talk of an economic boycott by the whites against any merchant who employs a Negro. The stated goal: to run them out of town.

Meanwhile the county is rushing work on the new Negro high school that is going up to have it ready for next fall—in case the Negroes are still there.

And the Negroes say they are not about to go.



Facing up to all these difficulties "massive resistance" has brought, the leaders in Richmond have resolved in the future to model themselves more after Gen. "Foxy Joe" Johnston—who slowed Sherman's march through Georgia to a walk by skillful defensive drives which spared his troops—than after Gen. John Bell Hood—who lost the battle for Atlanta by persisting in "senseless" attacks along Peachtree Creek until his entire force was spent. If they can't prevent desegregation forever, perhaps they can delay it at least a lifetime by litigation.

Virginia's leaders are currently thanking the Supreme Court for showing them what they believe is a way to do that. They see in the Court's sustaining of the Alabama Pupil Placement Plan a way to preserve *most* of their all-white schools for years, while shifting to the local communities the onus of countenancing what desegregation proves necessary to keep the federal law away from the door.

The Alabama Plan, which Governor Almond expects to recommend to a special session of the legislature when the present resistance laws are finally overthrown, is far more sophisticated than the patently absurd Doctrine of Interposition on which "massive resistance" is based. Instead of declaring war on the Court as Virginia did, Alabama proceeded to repeal every section of her constitution and statutes referring to segregation and enacted a new law to perpetuate segregation in the schools which contained no mention of race or color whatever. Under it, local school boards were simply empowered to assign students to schools according to a long list of criteria including health, suitability, adequacy, home environment and possible effects of the student's admission—but not race. Needless to say, no Negro has been assigned to a white school since the Placement Law has been in force. But there is nothing unconstitutional *on the face of it*, as the Supreme Court said on November 24.

With embellishments, it is this plan on which Virginia intends to make her next stand. One important addition Governor Almond contemplates is some kind of state tuition grant system to provide those who prefer to attend segregated private schools the money with which to do so. To increase the chances for court approval, the grants would be available to any student, white or

FROM THE *Richmond News-Leader*

1955

"In May of 1954, that inept fraternity of politicians and professors known as the United States Supreme Court chose to throw away the established law. These nine men repudiated the Constitution, spit upon the tenth amendment, and rewrote the fundamental law of this land to suit their own gauzy concepts of sociology. If it be said now that the South is flaunting the law, let it be said to the high court, *you taught us how.*"

1958

"This newspaper has concluded, in the light of recent events, that new defenses are urgently needed. If Virginia is to avoid defeat—if we are to be spared the awful tragedy of violence and race hatred that would result from integrated public schools to which there was no workable alternative—then we must prepare ourselves for speedy abandonment of a legal position that cannot be held much longer."

colored, but there is little reason to believe that such an obvious subterfuge will get by for long. The scheme has immediate attractions, however. It would be an important sop to the Black Belt legislators who will kick and scream that the pupil placement plan is bending the knee to the Court. ("I'm afraid," says one legislator who wants to keep the schools open, "that if a vote were held in the Assembly today, it would eliminate public education. But Almond is a smart man and he may be able to feel his way through this thing and convince the Assembly his approach is the only way out.") It would also help conceal the fact that if Virginia administered the placement law in good faith, she would in reality be taking the path of token compliance for which her officials vilify North Carolina and Tennessee every day.

To further show his serious intention that private segregated schools are meant to be the main attraction and the slightly desegregated public schools only a side show to please the courts, the Governor will most likely request authority to sell unused schools as surplus to provide buildings for private schools, and to repeal compulsory public school attendance laws so as to provide pupils for the private schools.



It is fitting that Virginia, which pioneered in "massive resistance," should lead the search for a way out of the constitutional impasse that doctrine has produced. Watching her progress should give some clue as to when the Deep South will finally surrender—as it must eventually—on the *principle* of public school segregation. The *practice* of desegregation, of course, will be farther in the future.

Peking and the Overseas Chinese

by DENIS WARNER

FOR YEARS it was widely believed in Southeast Asia that one of the by-products of the Geneva Conference in 1954 was a gentleman's agreement between India's Nehru and China's Chou En-lai to draw a line beyond which the Communists would not trespass. Vietnam, it was said, came within China's sphere of influence, but the rest, including Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Malaya, Singapore, Indonesia and Burma, were to be sheltered from Communist subversion and intimidation by India's paternalistic wing. In an area where 12 million Chinese own the tills and dominate the trade of almost every country, such an arrangement seemed improbable: the Chinese in Southeast Asia spilled out of China in generous splashes like water slopped from an overflowing bucket; today they form numerous economically powerful groups and ready-made fifth columns, while the Indians, except in Burma and as laborers on the estates in Malaya, are neither numerous nor especially influential. As might be expected, therefore, and any private agreement between India and China notwithstanding, China's rapidly increasing strength has had an especially powerful impact on Southeast Asia. Like a massive furnace glowing in a small room, its hot, Communist glow has penetrated to all parts of the area. It is pervasive and inescapable, even in cities such as Bangkok, the SEATO capital, and Singapore, which will not become self-governing until after the elections in March or April.

A recent Thai Government report dealing with the internal Chinese problem declared that of the estimated three million Chinese living in Thailand (half a million are in Bangkok), 60 percent could be described as "more or less sympathetic" to Communist China, 30 percent supported the Nationalists and 10 percent were not interested in politics. Though other observers tend to list the genuinely apolitical Chinese and those who still prefer to be noncommittal as forming a substantially larger proportion, the ratio of two to one favoring Peking over Taipeh probably represents a roughly accurate picture of overseas Chinese sympathies and political thought in Southeast Asia today. The anti-Communists among the overseas Chinese are being reduced to a hard core, resistant to subversion and able to withstand such shocks

as the recognition of Communist China by the United States, should that occur, and the permanent restriction of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to Fortress Formosa. Most of them, however, do not necessarily plan to nail any flags to the masthead or to risk going down with a sinking Southeast Asian ship. Theirs is the principal flight of capital from the region: until recently, for instance, a Singapore stockbroking firm's biggest group of customers consisted of Chinese in Indonesia who used this first, illicit (under Indonesian laws) step as a prelude to investment in Australia and elsewhere.

In both Peking and Taipeh the struggle to maintain a grip on the Southeast Asian Chinese has always been accorded high priority. Mao Tse-tung invited Tan Kah-kee, the former Singapore millionaire-philanthropist and Justice of the Peace (and, at that time, perhaps the most influential Southeast Asian Chinese), to attend the Provisional People's Political Consultative Conference in 1949, and ever since the Overseas Chinese Affairs Commission has been an important branch of government. Though the Kuomintang tried to maintain a foothold among the students in Southeast Asia by sending out millions of "approved" textbooks registered with the Overseas Affairs Commission in Taipeh, it was in the schools that the Communists had their greatest success. The usually poorly-paid Chinese schoolteachers in Southeast Asia were either indifferent to Communism or in sympathy with it, and the Communists therefore had little difficulty in implanting their cells and branches in the schools and securing a firm base among the literate Chinese youth.

Thus established, it was comparatively simple to move into trade unions, secret societies and political organizations, the whole process being helped enormously by the pride that many overseas Chinese understandably feel about the land which, though unseen and unknown, is still home. While some 4,000 overseas Chinese students are at present studying in Formosa, up to 8,000 a year—graduates and converts from what an official Singapore report, in despair over the state of its Chinese schools, described as "little Marxist academies"—go off to Communist China.

Peking Radio, which now beams to Southeast Asia in five Chinese dialects, English and the vernacular languages of the region, was a primary source of information and instruction to overseas Chinese. Later, as the Peking regime became more settled, novels, children's books,

DENIS WARNER, an Australian specialist on the Far East, has just completed a tour of Southeast Asia. A second article by him, "China Against India and Japan," will be published shortly.

political tracts, including the works of Mao Tse-tung and Liu Shao-chih, comic strips, movies and even long-playing discs glorifying the Communist cause—most of them extremely well produced and on sale for only a few cents—flooded into the region. In countries such as Indonesia and Burma, which recognize Communist China, the Chinese embassies served to further the interests of the Overseas Chinese Commission in Peking both by their influence on local Chinese residents and, according to such authorities as Sutan Sjahrir—the Indonesian Socialist leader—by direct contributions to Communist Party funds. In other places, such as Singapore and Malaya, Peking used personal contacts and the Bank of China, which financed Communist sympathizers with loans and long-term credits at extremely low rates of interest.

The overseas Chinese were not themselves the end, of course, but only the means to the end. Peking today finds it expedient to deny to the usually carefully selected visitors it invites to tour the new China that its revolution is for export. Yet all the evidence is to the contrary. As early as November, 1949, Liu Shao-chih, the second-ranking member of the Communist hierarchy, speaking to Asian delegates at a World Federation of Trade Unions Conference in Peking, made what amounted to a declaration of war on the "colonies and semi-colonies" of Southeast Asia, and laid down a specific formula for Communist conquest by revolution. It called for the working class to unite with all other classes and groups who were prepared to fight imperialism under the leadership of the Communist Party, for the creation of a firm mass Communist base and, where practicable, as the principal means of attack, for armed struggle in the countryside coupled with other legal and illegal mass struggles in the cities.

THIS first, militant phase of Peking's Southeast Asian offensive was not spectacularly successful. Peking sponsored, in partnership with Moscow, armed revolts of varying degrees of intensity in Burma, Malaya and Singapore, the three Indo-China States, and the Philippines. Though it helped Ho Chi Minh to victory in North Vietnam, and this in turn led to the penetration of Laos, the Communists elsewhere were no more successful than they had been in 1948, when Stalin believed that the whole of Asia was ripe for the plucking. Through its error in classifying the leaders of the newly-independent countries of the region as "semi-colonialists" and the early tendency to equate a genuine nationalist leader such as Nehru with a French puppet like Bao Dai, China raised suspicions against itself that might otherwise have been avoided and caused the overseas Chinese, whose commercial acumen and success has always been a constant source of jealousy and irritation, to become more suspect than ever.

That "peace" could not be reconciled with the "inevitability of war," and that protestations of friendship were likely to be regarded with the utmost cynicism while

Communists were being exhorted to use armed force and violence to achieve their ends in the "colonial and semi-colonial" countries, did not, however, escape attention in either Peking or Moscow. After the Geneva Agreement in 1954 and the Afro-Asian Conference in 1955, Peking gave up talking about armed struggle as the main weapon of attack and within a remarkably brief period of time, succeeded in convincing some of the leaders against whom it had been most conspicuously vituperative that it really did believe in the five principles of peaceful co-existence. Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the vacillating former king and now Prime Minister of Cambodia, was one; President Sukarno of Indonesia, another.

Chou En-lai had invited Sihanouk to visit Peking during the Afro-Asian Conference in 1955. Both fascinated and repelled by Communism, the Prince took several months to make up his mind: but in 1956 he accepted and went to both Peking and Moscow, finding himself the not too unwilling recipient of economic aid from both. Even now, however, Sihanouk hesitated to recognize Peking, and it was not until his border troubles with Thailand over the ancient ruins of the temple of Khao Phra Viharn last July, and with the Vietnamese on a variety of issues largely occasioned by the presence in Cambodia of remnants of the dissident Cochinese sects, that the Prince decided to recognize Communist China and hastened once again to Peking.

Unpredictable, headstrong and impetuous, Sihanouk was enormously impressed by China's material progress and its leaders' personal identification with such projects as the Ming Tombs Reservoir outside Peking: not long after his return to Phnom Penh the Cambodians began to see pictures of him stripped to the waist digging wells and building roads.

Peking went out of its way to convince him that peaceful co-existence between kingdoms, such as Cambodia and Communist China, was entirely possible, as the uninhibited Prince revealed in the travel diary he published on his return. He negotiated on the highest level with Mao Tse-tung—in a tent in the old Imperial Palace garden. And though he found that Mao exhibited an "averseness" to other regimes, the "refined and tactful" Chou En-lai was reassuring.

President Sukarno, who is older and less impetuous, if equally uninhibited, has not yet been seen working on the roads: China nevertheless left him with an enduring impression of efficiency that contrasted sharply with the Indonesian scene and the dismal drift into economic chaos that marked the first nine years of independence there. Not all Southeast Asian political leaders share the enthusiasm of Sukarno and Sihanouk for China's forward march, but those who are still prepared to show themselves as actively opposed to Chinese Communism are few in number. They include Tengku Abdul Rahman in Malaya and President Ngo Dinh Diem in South Viet-

nam. Rahman, finding himself saddled with a Chinese population that threatened to destroy the precarious numerical majority enjoyed by the indigenous Malays, rejected the overtures of Chinese Singapore to join the Federation, made certain that the Malays would dominate the voting in the early, difficult years of independence, and did not hesitate to use British and other Commonwealth forces to press the attack against the Chinese Communist guerrillas, who, since 1948, have been fighting a hit-and-run revolt from the jungle.

DIEM, who inherited with independence in 1954 a Chinese population of nearly a million, was confronted with a situation in which the Chinese, under treaty rights granted by the French in 1946, enjoyed the privileges of living in Vietnam with none of the responsibilities. Like the Chinese in Thailand, they owned most of the rice mills and ran the principal shops. In August, 1956, Diem granted Vietnamese citizenship to all Chinese born in Vietnam and two weeks later issued an ordinance barring Chinese nationals from trading as fishmongers, butchers, retailers of products in common use and operating a large number of other businesses traditionally in the hands of the Chinese. Much earlier, the Philippines had barred the Chinese from the retail trade; and in recent months Indonesia has taken heavy action against them, though in this case the sufferers are confined to those who owe allegiance to the Nationalists. How few these are among the three million Chinese, who dominate the internal trade of Indonesia as the Dutch used to dominate internal and external communications and the import-export trade, is indicated by the fact that Jakarta's confiscation decree affected only 52 establishments, including trade guilds, printing shops, theatres, a bank and 11 schools. Clipping the wings of the overseas Chinese, whatever their political hue, does not meet the challenge posed by China's growing strength, or its reflection in Southeast Asia. In the first place, anti-Chinese measures, for economic reasons, cannot be too draconian: if it had not been for the overseas Chinese in the past, there would have been little progress; and in the present stage of the area's economic and industrial development, they are still indispensable. In the second place, the overseas Chinese are not the problem but only its symptom. If they were to be packed up in ships and sent back to China, as less responsible Malays used to suggest during the more critical days of the Communist revolution in Malaya, Southeast Asia would fall apart economically: it would also be confronted, as it is today, with the problem of living in the shadow of the giant.

Southeast Asian feelings for China are not too dissimilar from its feelings for the overseas Chinese. Frequently envied, often disliked, China is nevertheless accepted as a powerful and inescapable element in the political, social and economic life of the region. Reluctantly, perhaps, Asia has nevertheless been profoundly impressed

with the achievements of the Peking regime. To many Asians, China's Korean War challenge to the United States wrote the concluding chapters in the history of the Western era in Asia. Events since, such as the French defeat in Indo-China, and even the recurring Formosan Straits crises, are seen as mere postscripts. China is demonstrably strong; it is anti-colonial; and partly because of both it has succeeded in identifying itself with the aims and aspirations of many to whom the Marx-Lenin-Mao dogma is anathema. For a long time China's new importance was mostly hearsay. Today the coolie can see it for himself in his village store. In Hong Kong, in Bangkok and in Singapore during recent weeks I have tried to recreate for myself the planning conference scene in China at which dogged commissars decided to manufacture such bourgeois commodities as perfumed cotton fabrics guaranteed not to lose their aroma of rose petals in the laundry, grand pianos (the Tsinghai), uprights (the Robinson), ping pong bats and balls, elaborate stationery sets, travel goods and mechanical gadgets. I confess this mental exercise has proved beyond my capabilities. One assumes that the major weakness of Communist planning is its inflexibility—its lack of imagination if you like. But here is imagination run riot; even to the extent of beating the Japanese at their own game of trade-mark piracy. Harassed British companies, accustomed over the years to protesting against Japan's theft of their trade brands, are now running display advertisements in Southeast Asia warning that such products as "Ovaltine" are British-made and that no license exists for the manufacture of "Chinese Ovaltine" in Shanghai.

In textiles, ceramics, toys, glass and general gimcrack, the Chinese are under-cutting the Japanese. A decent silk shirt from Communist China costs less than \$3 in Singapore. In Hong Kong, Japan's contribution to the Colony's imports of unbleached cotton cloth totalled 32 percent in 1952. Last year Japan's contribution dropped to two percent, while China's rose from less than one percent to 84 percent. Steel rods and bars, the sinews of China's own industrialization program, are going to Southeast Asia in quantities and at prices that assure China the market. Even Thailand and Burma, the rice bowl of Southeast Asia, with an annual export crop of about four million tons of rice, feel threatened by China's current surplus some of which, stripped from the hapless peasants as they join the communes, was recently released on the Singapore market and used by the Soviet Union to pay for purchases of Indonesian rubber.

China's influence, often malignant but sometimes seemingly benign, is everywhere—in the schools, in the unions, in the shops, in the palaces and in the padi fields. If it continues to expand at its present rate, the Southeast Asian countries, all of them except Thailand still in the swaddling clothes of independence, will find themselves confronted with increasing difficulties in retaining their integrity as sovereign, independent states.

BOOKS & COMMENT

Exile's My Country

by J. M. Edelstein

THE TEMPTATIONS when reviewing a book as good as this one, as stimulating and exciting, that reads as easily and as well, are either to quote as much as possible or, simply to say: "This is a very good book, believe me. Go read it!" This book is too long for the first and, in these casually impres-

The Odyssey, A Modern Sequel, by Nikos Kazantzakis, translated by Kimon Friar (Simon and Schuster; \$10).

sionable times, too deceptive in appearance and purpose for the second. I was put off, at first, by the idea of an epic of 33, 333 lines, three times as long as the original *Odyssey*, but found that on top of its intricate layers of philosophical meaning and its portrait of man in his true state as exile and wanderer on the face of the earth was an absorbing adventure story in rich and lyrical poetry.

Kazantzakis' poem was first published in 1938 in the modern, demotic Greek and was received, by the small numbers who could read it, with great enthusiasm. This translation, the first in any language, is itself superb poetry. For the translator, Kimon Friar, it was a labor of many years, most of them in line-by-line collaboration with Kazantzakis. To match, in effortless English, lines filled with mythological, historical and anthropological learning and written in a powerful language of unusual meter and vocabulary with the skill with which Mr. Friar has, was no small job. The occasional slips ("Don't get your gall up, lads"; names designed to indicate character, whatever they may be in Greek, such as Rocky, Granite, Captain Clam and Dame Goody; and an overabundance of "My lads," "My boys," and "O" this and "O" that, hard to avoid, no doubt, in filling out the lines) are minor flaws and hardly detrimental.

Between the Homeric *Odyssey* and Kazantzakis' sequel there is no break at all. The narrative begins with frightening urgency as Odysseus plunges his

spear into Penelope's suitors and immediately, fleeing the "scaffolds of wife, son and country," dives again into the sea. Without plan or purpose, Odysseus and five companions sail away. They go to Sparta and there steal the still beautiful Helen from Menelaus who has grown fat and complacent; with her aboard, they arrive in Crete where Helen marries one of the blond barbarians from the north who have begun to invade that country as they had Sparta.

Odysseus marvels at the strength and determination of these people and predicts that the iron which they carry in the form of weapons will soon displace the Olympian gods of bronze. He exclaims: "Blessed be that hour that gave me birth between two eras!" A transformation begins to take place in him; he learns to see humanity in people; he realizes that not all men are privileged by birth and class; and he is moved by love and pity. The old gods become for him figments of man's fears and weaknesses, and he begins the search for the essence of God that lives in the freedom of man's mind.

After taking part in the orgies of the island's bull-worshipping rituals (Kazantzakis borrowed heavily from the fertility rites described in Frazer's *The Golden Bough*), and leading a people's revolution that destroys Knossos, Odysseus and his men leave Crete, symbolic of the old world's rotting structure, and sail for Egypt. Here they fail to overthrow the decadent kingdom of the Pharaohs and, escaping with the remnants of their army, they travel up the Nile to its source. Like Moses, Odysseus climbs a mountain, and for seven days and nights communes with God. When he comes down, he founds an ideal city, based on the traditional Utopian principles, which is completely wiped out by a volcanic eruption. Odysseus stays for months on the edge of the abyss where his city had been in ascetic contemplation, his fame as a visionary spreading

and bringing pilgrims from all of Africa to him.

Until this point in the poem, God, for Odysseus, has been a constant, sometimes within him, sometimes without, whose existence as a force could be made manifest and justified only by positive action. Rising from the abyss where, in destruction, lies his last and most cherished achievement in his long attempt to make over the world and to bring it to the order of God's revelation, he wanders through Africa, meeting and talking with men who represent, among others, the Buddha, Faust, Don Quixote and, finally, a "gentle Negro Fisherman" who speaks the words of Christ and who, when struck, *does* turn the other cheek.

With others whom he meets, Odysseus relates his adventures to many of the world philosophies, particularly to those of Nietzsche and Bergson who together, the one with his celebration of tragedy as the salt of life and the other with his emphasis on the *élan vital*, had the strongest influence on Kazantzakis. As Odysseus wanders he moves away from his earlier conception of God and finds Him again in the paradox of rejection. The true idea of happiness becomes the total identification of himself and God with all of life. Mind, will, the capacity to create harmony between himself and nature, these become man's god-like impulses. God seems the immortal spirit which lives in man, his own master, which guides his hand on the tiller as he sails a dark and shoreless sea, and which is revealed and released in the final freedom of death:

He lived through all his journeys;
what he wished, he kept;
he held like fruit in both his hands
his hybrid god
who also strove on earth like man to
seek salvation. . . .
some call it Love, some call it God
and Death, and some
have called it Outcry that leaps from
flesh to flesh and shouts

WHEN Odysseus reaches the tip of Africa, he builds himself a small skiff in the shape of a coffin and sails into the southern waters to Antarctica. There, calling up around him the visions of his life, his endeavors and those whom he has loved, he sits alone on an iceberg and awaits his end. His death, if it can be called that, is described in a metaphor which Mr. Friar has selected

as the most beautiful in the entire poem:

As a low lantern's flame flicks in its
final blaze
then leaps above its shriveled wick
and mounts aloft,
brimming with light, and soars to-
ward death with dazzling joy,
so did his fierce soul leap before it
vanished in air.

The Odysseus of this poem is the complete, the universal man for whom "freedom" is the meaning of life and the goal of the human spirit. He is the Petrarch of the mountain top, the Dante who proclaimed "my country is the whole world," the Odysseus of the *Inferno* who said to his men: "Neither fondness for my son, nor reverence for my aged father, nor the due love that should have cheered Penelope, could conquer in me the ardour that I had to gain experience of the world, and of human vice and worth. . . . 'O brothers!' I said . . . 'deny not, to this the brief vigil of your senses that remains, experience of the unpeopled world behind the sun. Consider your origins: ye were not formed to live like brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge.'" He is Tennyson's Romantic and the restless wanderer of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. He is modern man, of more than heroic proportion, less a victim than a maker of his destiny, personally involved and committed, who celebrates in every way the sacredness of being. His God is the search for God and the search itself is freedom. The price is no longer the particular Hell from which Dante's Odysseus spoke, but the perpetual journey. *Les vrai voyageurs . . . qui partent pour partir* are men in their true condition and the voyage itself their destination. Again and again, Kazantzakis' Odysseus cries out: "Exile's my country. . . . My soul, your voyages have been your native land!" The words of W. H. Auden (in discussing the poetry of St.-John Perse) each poet in his own way an exile, might have been written about Kazantzakis and his hero: "to feel and therefore to be able to sing of the modern world as it really is, one must, at whatever cost . . . sever all ties . . . and live as a wanderer upon the face of the earth."

EVEN more than God, death is Odysseus' constant companion; Kazantzakis' *Odyssey* begins and ends with death. The death of the beginning, with the murder of the suitors, is brutal,

bloody and even unnecessary in its vindictiveness. But the death of the end is the death of fairy tales and myth. Odysseus becomes part of existence, of all life and memory, the exile with roots in all time:

Then flesh dissolved, glances con-
gealed, the heart's pulse stopped,
and the great mind leapt to the peak
of its holy freedom,
fluttered with empty wings, then up-
right through the air
soared high and freed itself from its
last cage, its freedom.

All things like frail mist scattered till
but one brave cry
for a brief moment hung in the calm
benighted waters:
"Forward, my lads, sail on, for Death's
breeze blows in a fair wind!"

Mark Van Doren, in his *Autobiography*, quotes a remark of Kazantzakis: "Life has performed its final miracle. It has become a fairy tale." We know that fairy tales never really end; they go on for "ever after." So does the odyssey of mankind's spirit. The poetic *Odyssey* of Nikos Kazantzakis is one of its most passionate and triumphant expressions.

Aldous Huxley—Romantic Pessimist

by C. P. Snow

It is always wrong to deny or forget one's gratitude, as a wise radical friend of mine said, warning himself as well as me, just after we had listened to one of Churchill's speeches in 1940. It would be wrong for any Englishman of my age, ten years or so younger than Aldous Huxley, to deny the gratitude we owed him in the twenties. No one has set us thinking about so many differ-

Brave New World Revisited, by Aldous Huxley (Harper; \$3).

ent things: no one sharpened our wits or widened our sensibilities so much. That happened, and it's on the literary record for good and all.

Having said that, I now want to say that I am profoundly out of sympathy with *Brave New World Revisited* and with *Brave New World* and, I fancy, with any further attempts of his to rationalize his views on the social condition of men. I never liked literary Utopians much: I like literary anti-Utopians even less. Both Orwell's *1984* and Huxley's two *Brave New Worlds* seem to me likely to do much more harm than good. They are neither art nor life, but essays at just that kind of abstraction which most distorts the truth. They are quite different in kind and intention from books which Huxley refers to with approval, such as *The Power Elite* and *The Organization Man*. Those admirable works are written within the grain of society; they are part of the real social

world just as a direct realistic novel is; we can learn from them some of the price we have to pay for advanced industrial security, without losing contact with its immense gains. Immense gains, I said, for the sooner intellectuals in the US and Western Europe realize that industrialization is the one hope of the poor, the sooner we shall get hold of a social purpose again.

In both of Huxley's anti-Utopians there is one basic fact. It is that in organized societies men can be deprived of their free minds: the power-bosses in Communist countries, the concealed power-bosses in capitalist societies, can use various kinds of technique, sheer force, propaganda, subliminal advertising, drugs, and so on, to make the "masses" go contentedly, unresistantly, and even happily to whatever actions the power-bosses decide on for them. The trouble with statements of that kind—and it is the trouble with two thirds of this new book—is they are neither true nor untrue. Of course, in advanced industrial society (lets call it "a.i.s.") a very large amount of power seems to be concentrated in a few hands and sometimes is. Of course, by the nature of a.i.s. and the scientific revolution which brought it about new sorts of persuasion, manipulation, coercion and control can be used on a larger proportion of the population more immediately than ever in the past. So far, so bad.

But that this is transforming the tex-

ture of individual life now or in the foreseeable future seems an entirely romantic view. In fact, one is left wondering what romantic conception of the free mind is hallucinating Huxley—how does he imagine it operating in, say, a peasant in mediaeval England or in Tsarist Russia? And in what ways are these operations preferable to those of an unfree mind in a factory in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, which has been exposed to subliminal advertising or even tranquilizers? And in what senses does he imagine the unfree mind in Lancaster really demonstrates its individual unfreedom, as opposed to a similar mind about 20 years ago before a.i.s. got fully into its swing? How long is it since he talked disinterestedly and intelligently to people fully within the grip of a.i.s. not seeing

it, as he is bound to see it, from outside and with distaste?

He appears to have become—perhaps he was always so—more pessimistic about the individual condition. Probably the combination, of social pessimism and individual romanticism is more common than we think. It is a serious disqualification for social thinking for a rather curious reason. It means that one is constantly trying to think, or idealize, the individual into a non-social context. Huxley has always been tempted to this. He has never had any feeling for the social plasma in which we, as human beings, really live our lives. The social plasma is incomparably more important to our destinies than tranquilizers, mescalin, hidden persuaders, the whole bag of sophisticated horrors.

When FDR Took Office

by Richard L. Strout

THIS is the second volume of one of the great histories of our time. It covers the domestic side of the first two years of the New Deal, 1933 and 1934, from the time when chastened business peeped out of its storm cellar to the time when its self-confidence was sufficiently restored to attack the man who

The Coming of the New Deal (The Age of Roosevelt, Volume Two) by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin; \$6.75).

saved it. Business discovered that the price of rescue was a series of hated regulatory laws and financial changes, whipped together by relays of brilliant and cocky intellectuals, plus the imposition of collective bargaining. Schlesinger's great, evocative narrative brings the chronicle down to the point where the lines of counter-attack are hardening but not yet frozen. The cry of "Communism" against the Administration is still in generic, not specific terms. Business-banker hostility, controlling the press, has not crystallized into ferocious and implacable hatred. For most US political drama such a beginning would forewarn of inevitable later defeat or personal tragedy—Wilson, Lincoln, for example—but FDR was to remain gay in the face of his critics for four terms: "He de-

clined to pay the rich the compliment of fearing them."

Wholesale prices in 1933 were down to 60 percent of 1926, banks were closed, in mid-1934 one out of seven Americans was on relief, in South Dakota one-third of all the population was kept alive by public funds. Suddenly there burst from Washington a new farm policy, industrial planning under NRA, acknowledgement of Federal responsibility, public works, Social Security, the invention of TVA, a national labor policy and freedom of the dollar from gold restraints.

This reporter saw the show, watched the steel-propped FDR deliver his inaugural, followed his press conferences and turned from grave doubt over his ambiguous 1932 campaign utterances to dawning hope and enthusiasm in the tumultuous drama that followed, bringing revolution without bloodshed.

Schlesinger makes his dramatis personae vivid: Acheson—"a tall, urbane figure with flaring moustaches who combined personal elegance with incisive intelligence"; Wallace—"this solidly built man . . . his hair rumped, his mouth sensitive and almost tremulous, his blue-gray eyes sometimes alive with interest or passion, sometimes glazed and wandering . . ."; Hull—"serious, meditative, gentle, frail" with a "world of

Mountain vengeance beneath the veneer of old-fashioned courtesy" and a slight lisp that increased his deceptive air of harmless benevolence. ("We must eliminate these twade baa-yuhs heah, theah and ev'ywheah," was a favorite phrase.)

Schlesinger is undoubtedly sympathetic to his subject but I do not think any serious commentator can fairly support the charge that this immense compendium is merely a paste-up job with a bias toward FDR. Controversies are explained from two sides and concluded with value judgments that are generally astute and often brilliant. The style has ring and movement. The author does not hide FDR's deviousness and occasional deceit which seem to have sprung in part from a virtuoso's love of mystification. But there was a less amiable trick of capriciously cultivating subordinates' insecurity which FDR sometimes "exploited with cruel skill, while looking blandly in the opposite direction." Ends, too, tended to be put before means, Schlesinger agrees, "and this myopia became a pervading weakness of his Presidency."

FDR's administrative habits would drive an efficiency expert mad. "The New Deal was a darkling plain of administrative confusion where bureaucrats clashed by night," says Schlesinger. He goes so far as to suggest that FDR purposely kept it that way to achieve fluidity. By whatever design it did offer the crippled president extraordinary accessibility to men and ideas. The recurrent words that describe the White House atmosphere are "energy and daring," "boldness and imagination."

THESE two years of hardening and deepening were "changing a genial and enigmatic gentleman into a tough, forceful and still profoundly enigmatic President." In one of his most interesting passages Schlesinger hints that he is not sure he has penetrated the personality riddle:

There are two sorts of greatness—the foursquare, all-of-a-piece, unitary, monolithic kind, possessed by Washington, Jackson, Winston Churchill; and the glittering, pluralistic, impalpable kind, possessed by Jefferson, Henry Clay, Lloyd George, where levels of personality peel off with the delusive transparency of the skins of an onion, always frustrating the search for a hard core of personality underneath. . . . Franklin Roosevelt clearly belongs in the second category. He had, not a

personality, but a ring of personalities, each one dissolving on approach, always revealing still another underneath.

Yet behind "the succession of masks," historian Schlesinger concludes, there was "a basic simplicity of mind and heart" when it came to goals; the complexity related to tactics. "It was his tactical deviousness which got him into trouble; it was the fundamental, tantalizing, intermittent but ultimately indestructible idealism that saved him."

This volume is a reference library for the social revolution that made America modern. The smiling President's wheel chair rolled blithely over a way paved with predictions of disaster, like the

passionately somber judgment of budget director Lewis Douglas, on suspension of the gold standard, that "This is the end of Western Civilization."

Schlesinger, perhaps unkindly, intersperses his volume with a rich vein of these incredibly short-sighted judgments. Possibly because of subconscious affinity with the past some modern conservatives find the Schlesinger volumes hard to take. The spiritual sons of Jouett Shouse's Liberty League were pushing "Right to Work" referenda in the 1958 election!

American Presidents are not forgiven easily for being great. That is why Robert Taft has a public monument today in Washington; Roosevelt none.

take issue with Alfred A. Knopf) is about a poor farm. Unlike hers, possibly because it is nothing more than a slice of life, cut to the size of one day, with no plot line to be slavishly followed, it is a success.

Mr. Updike's Diamond County Home For the Aged is in New Jersey (and it is no small measure of his achievement that he can impart a feeling of place to that characterless state); his time is the indefinite future, during the administration of President Lowenstein; his occasion the annual fair given by the residents of the Poorhouse; and his major characters its inmates and the two men who run it.

The book's strength lies in its many carefully developed and skillfully wrought pieces. Conversations of old men on the poorhouse porch, the killing of a cat, the knocking down of a wall by the driver of a soft-drink delivery truck, the catching of an escaped parakeet, a conversation about the Afterlife urged on by an elderly blind woman, the musings on the past of a 94-year-old former schoolteacher, the stoning of the superintendent, the fair itself: all of these bespeak a genuine new writing talent.

That they do not cohere into what we ordinarily think of as a novel is probably attributable less to the author's ability than to the publisher's insistence upon the novel form. But when they are set down with such skill as that of John Updike only the most rigorous purist (which this reviewer certainly is not) could complain.

A Slice of Life

by Peter Salmon

IT WAS INEVITABLE that a novel by John Updike would be turning up on some publisher's list. The excellence of his short pieces and poems in *The New Yorker*, possibly the only genuine talent to make its initial appearance in that magazine in recent years, made the arrival of something longer in book form only a matter of time.

One can imagine what transpired after the first few times, possibly even after the first, that his byline was seen in *The*

The Poorhouse Fair, by John Updike (Knopf; \$3.50).

New Yorker. There must have been a flood of congratulatory letters from publishers, asking if he were contemplating a full-length work. There must have been luncheon dates, tea at the Century Club, possibly a meal at the Harvard Club, and again praise for the printed pieces and the same hopeful inquiry about "something longer."

For publishers will publish short stories and even poetry, but it is always the novel they are after. Poetry will win praise from a handful of reviewers and, usually, a fellowship for the poet; and short stories will bring wider critical attention and, occasionally, repay the publisher the cost of making and selling the book. But it is the novel that the publisher cherishes, the novel that the readers desire and buy, the novel that

Orville Prescott reviews, the novel that may be struck by the lightning of the minor gods of the major book clubs.

The unfortunate thing, of course, is that some of the very best writers are not novelists. One thinks of Jessamyn West's *The Witch Diggers*, a novel about an Indiana Poor Farm, which is already forgotten, while her shorter pieces, particularly those of *The Friendly Persuasion*, win new readers every year. Like Miss West's, Mr. Updike's first "novel" (one calls it that because it is so designated on the book's jacket and it is a foolhardy reviewer who would

City Afternoon

FAR, far down
The earth rumbles in sleep;
Up through its iron grille,
The subway, black as a chimney-
Sweep, growls. An escalator rides
On dinosaur spines
Toward day. And on beyond,
Old bones, bottles,
A dismantled piano, sets
Of Mrs. Humphrey Ward all whirl
In the new disposal-unit; above
Its din, apartments are tenanted
Tight as hen-houses, people roosting
In every cupboard. Eighty storeys
Up, pigeons nest on the noise

Or strut above it; higher,
The outcast sun serves its lean meat
Of light.

The whinnying
Of Venetian blinds has ceased: we sit
Invisible in this room,
Behind glass. In a lull,
A chance abatement of sound, a scalping
Silence, far
Down we hear the Iron
Maiden whisper,
Closing upon her spikes.

BARBARA HOWES

ART

The Old Gang at the Whitney

ONE DAY last summer the thought occurred to me that some enterprising museum could do a whale of a show called "Still Around," based on the notion that many mature American artists did not disappear or change their ways when told to do so by the voice of the *zeitgeist*, hence that at least a good percentage of people who were hot stuff a decade or two ago are probably still pretty good, hence, in brief, that the reports of the death of painting have been greatly exaggerated. This year's Whitney Annual, which will be closing about the time this appears, was not, of course, "Still Around," but there were enough outstanding paintings by people who learned to paint when painting was something to learn to confirm my view that I've stumbled onto one of the great unassembled exhibitions of the century.

The tone of the Whitney from year to year is an extremely subtle thing. There is always an effort to be as comprehensive as possible and this year's show was by no means a repudiation of what has been going on in the name of American painting for the last dozen years, but there was a shift toward the discernible image. One thing working to make the shift perceptible was the installation. In years past, paintings have been hung pretty rigidly by manner. Somehow this has emphasized the Abstract Expressionist works. Size alone would account for a lot of it. Paintings dealing with a reality beyond the glistening reality of duco enamel seemed to be huddled together in odd corners. The installation this year rectified that. There was still a natural tendency to hang paintings of a kind together, but the show as a whole is much more fluid than it has been. The effects of the new freedom in installation to show up grandiose pretension for what it is and to enhance the value of painting considered as an act of intellect. The great contribution of the Whitney was an overpowering demonstration that such painting—in which the artist begins with an idea, uses all his skill to develop it and in the development reveals something deeper about it—is still around.

The demonstration was helped by the

quality of work being done by some old Whitney hands.

Isabel Bishop's "Subway Scene" is a beautiful, rich yet economical summing up of her life work as a painter of people and places in contemporary New York as if they were eternal verities. In the scratchy pale light is a vertical underground structure, with metal supports close at hand. Romanesque arches and three separate levels in the distance. Closer yet to the surface is a gum machine; caught in its mirror is the fleeting glance of a girl. The profile edge of the girl herself is to the left, but it is the quick turn of the head in the mirror that centers the painting. Twenty years ago this subject by Miss Bishop would have been simply a wry comment on city life. Today it is a valid note on man's search for himself. The thinness of the paint against the strength of the image has a lot to do with her effect. Reality adhered to has been penetrated. Vision and technique have not so much perfected themselves as perfected each other.

Another contemporary old master on hand with a new masterpiece is Edward Hopper. "Sunlight in a Cafeteria" recalls, as it would have to, his famous "Night Hawks," but I think the later picture is probably the better. Again, a man and a woman are eating in a cheap lunchroom, but they are at separate tables and the cafeteria is not light in the darkness but itself a blue dimness penetrated by the light. Within this typical symbolic play of light and loneliness, Hopper permits himself an overt human gesture: the man looks over at the woman, who doesn't see him. Is this "literary" and therefore out of bounds? Not at all, but it is intellectual and emotional and so is art.

In the Whitney's Arthur Dove memorial earlier this year, seemingly dedicated to presenting Dove as a predecessor of Abstract Expressionism, it surprised me no end that nobody mentioned Charles Burchfield as the obvious American painter doing very much what Dove was doing. Both projected their own feelings about nature out to the natural scene and then painted the scene as if the feelings were visible. This, to be sure, can pro-

duce a plastic equivalent of your old friend, the pathetic fallacy, and the derogatory term "Mickey Mouse" has been applied to both painters. For myself, and, I suspect, for a lot of people, Burchfield's "Night Winds," with sky, trees, clouds, house, lighted windows and snow all behaving as if they were frightened boys, is an enduring image of childhood that I am incapable of discussing objectively. In the Annual, "Dusty Road in July" works the old magic more effectively than ever. The left half of the picture is dominated by a stand of foreground trees. The right is a long view of meadow and woodland and sky with the northern lights taking place in broad daylight. Down the middle goes a rolling road to the horizon. Everything is melting in the sun and a shadow is a grateful thing.

Raphael Soyer's "The Model" in some ways can stand for the whole effort of the artist deliberately aware of what he's doing. The picture is also a summation of a line of work that has occupied Soyer for decades. The nude model sags against a high shelf, staring sadly into space. Behind her a mirror reflects the face of Soyer, intent on his subject, one arm raised taking her measure. The girl's young face and aging flesh project a similar combination in the artist's dedication through the years of intent peering at things. The most solid objects in the painting are the rectangles and lines of mirror, stretcher and shelf. The spirit of the painting is akin to that of the small Rembrandt in Boston of the artist before the towering easel. There is a strong sense of the enormity of the burden and an equally strong sense that the task is worthy of the human spirit.

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE to think of I. Rice Pereira as an "older painter," yet she was in business before it occurred to anyone to spill a can of paint on purpose. She is about the only member of the old gang at the Whitney whose work actually profits from the *explication de texture* to which we've been treated in recent years. "The Soul of Space" is the same old Pereira, a poetic balance of blues and purples, of squares and rectangles and verticalized Z's, but the embellishment of those Z's with sprays of dots and crystal forms seems much more meaningful now.

FRANK GETLEIN

THEATRE

The Bread and the Wine

THE CATHOLIC writer has an advantage over others in attempts to put religious motifs into fiction or onto the stage. The advantage lies in the Catholic understanding of the sacraments. In Catholic thinking, the sacraments do not run the risk, as they do in Protestantism (or as symbols do in Judaism) of being interpreted as mere symbols. The bread and the wine are the body and blood of

The Power and the Glory, adapted by Denis Cannan and Pierre Vost from the novel by Graham Greene (Phoenix Theatre).

Christ, when consecrated in the Mass by the priest. The priest, in his turn, is no mere functionary but is the indispensable agent, himself sacramentally ordained, through which the presence of God in the Mass is miraculously effected. This being the case, the Catholic writer of skill can devise scenes in which one's attention is riveted upon the visible, tangible manifestations of the divine. As the holy realities with which he deals are thoroughly objective, he is at liberty to introduce the irony of these holy things being held by profane hands.

Such are the presuppositions which lie behind the religious writings of Graham Greene. His novel, *The Power and the Glory*, has now been turned into a play by Denis Cannan and Pierre Vost. It is a skillful piece of work all the way around, but its effect will be only to strengthen one's previously acquired taste or distaste for Mr. Greene's particular brand of Catholic writing, which can best be described as baroque.

Graham Greene carries out his excursions into sacramental theatricality in a manner almost devoid of the subtlety and taste which might suggest a living religious awareness. In him we get the fact of the holy without the awe of the holy. This raises in one's mind

the question of what kind of "fact" the holy, in this context, can be. The suspicion arises that it may be merely a theatrical "fact"; that is to say, an intellectual presupposition upon which a theatrical effect may be built.

The narrative of *The Power and the Glory* is well known. In a state in southern Mexico "during the anti-clerical period of the early 1930's" the sole remaining priest is being hunted by the socialist police. If he is driven out or murdered, the peasants will be without benefit of the sacraments. The priest himself, we soon discover, is something of a rotter. In his own description a "whiskey-priest," he is also a coward and the father of an illegitimate child. Yet he is always aware of his priesthood. Aside from saving his skin, one of his major difficulties is obtaining wine, which has been forbidden in the state principally because it is used for the Mass. The situation enables Graham Greene and his adaptors to offer the audience an agonizing scene in which, having paid a precious sum to a local official for a black-market bottle of wine, the priest is forced to offer some to his provider and then to see him drunkenly consume every drop of the potential blood of the Lamb. In another scene, the priest urges the people to let him say Mass in a peasant kitchen although the police are on their way to take him. Grabbing up a piece of bread from the table, he squeezes it in his fist, then holds it before their terrified faces and screams, "Here! I can give you God in the mouth! Who else can do that for you? I can put God in your mouth!"

The religious melodrama runs for seven scenes. Then in the eighth scene, when the priest, having escaped the civil authorities, is lured back to administer absolution to a dying man and is finally trapped, there occurs the *scène à faire* in the Greene play: the dialogue between the priest and the scoffer, in this case the captive and the captor. If it had come earlier, or better still in another play, it could have been superb. But such a dialogue is bound to seem anti-climactic after one has watched a manhunt all evening, and anyway it

cannot be taken as seriously as it should because the entire play is already predicated upon one's accepting the sacramentalist view. Since that has been the presupposition of the play from the opening curtain, by the time the priest and the socialist sit down to debate religion, the cards are thoroughly stacked and we know what is in each man's hand.

Graham Greene is reminiscent of the dramatists of the Jacobean period, especially Ford, Webster, and Tourneur. They also knew how to take an established religious or moral principle, set beside it a contrasting sin, and, through scene after scene, ring theatrical changes upon the resultant irony. Like Greene's, their theatre asked one to see reality through the inverting mirror of perversity. Their work was overwrought, hyper-dramatic. We can admire them today chiefly because we are so removed from them and because of the light they throw on Shakespeare. But Graham Greene asks us to regard his work as relevant to our lives, in which case we must find it too mechanical, too loveless, too centered in its own sacramentalism to catch us where we are.

THE Phoenix production of the play is good. If most of the large cast fails to be convincing as Mexicans, one must remember that convincing Mexicans are hardly ever seen on our stages. In the role of the priest, Fritz Weaver is both grotesque and poignant. In the scenes where he wore the loose cotton garment of the peasants, he reminded me of a lanky adolescent boy wearing pajamas, an effect which expressed well the lost soul he played. Eric Berry was ideal as the cynical British emigré, a sort of Graham Greene signature. Stuart Vaughan, who had been out of his element directing *The Family Reunion*, here recovered himself and gave the production both fluidity and clarity. He was aided by Will Steven Armstrong's setting, Klaus Holm's lighting, and especially the music of David Amram.

TOM F. DRIVER

Notes on Contributors

J. M. EDELSTEIN is a free-lance writer who works for the Library of Congress. RICHARD L. STROUT is a veteran Washington correspondent. TOM F. DRIVER is a young critic who makes his first NR appearance with this issue.

EUROPE

We'll see the usual, plus Dublin past the Iron Curtain—Africa to Sweden. A different trip—for the young in spirit who want to be accompanied but not herded around. Also shorter trips, \$685-\$1340.

EUROPE SUMMER TOURS

255 Sequoia, Box NR Pasadena, California

MOVIES

Some Come Ambling

THE film of James Jones' elephantine novel *Some Came Running* takes over two and a half hours and is not worth it; but it does raise an interesting collateral subject. First, let us settle that the story is the (presumably) quasi autobiographical account of an ex-soldier and

Some Came Running (MGM).

ex-writer, his return to his Midwestern birthplace, his catalytic effect on staid citizens, and his resumption of writing. Nothing in this script becomes it like our leaving it.

But the film raises the matter of the acting success of personalities like Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin. This success exemplifies a trend which need not be viewed with alarm but should at least, I think, be viewed. Sinatra is the hero of this picture and Martin his gambler friend.

It's generally known that Sinatra was waning in popularity as a singer when he was given a role in the film of Jones' first novel and launched himself on an acting career. Martin, also a singer, split with his night-club partner and has become an actor. The question raised by these successful second careers is: how come? Is acting so easy that experienced entertainers can always turn to it when club bookings fall off? Or have these men talents that have blossomed late?

In my view, they have not. The entertainer who tries and succeeds at acting is not a new phenomenon. In our time the pattern was set by Bing Crosby, and these men follow in his sauntering steps. Crosby moved from songs interspersed with wisecracks to comedy with incidental songs to drama with or without songs. For many, he proved that he could act. For me, he proved something quite different: that complete self-confidence and an acute sense of timing will see an experienced performer through a tailor-made part and will give him the gloss of having acted.

Sinatra began his second career with the knowledge that millions of people had found him good to look at (even if in a different job) and with a skill at banter derived from floor-show quip-

ping. These would have been sufficient to get him by (they are all that Martin has); he could stand in front of a camera with aplomb and exchange lines in a scene the way he used to exchange cracks with a TV announcer or an MC. Additionally, Sinatra has an emotional quality that Martin lacks.

But the emotion displayed by Sinatra, one feels, is always Sinatra's emotion, not the character's. (The drug addict's shivering in *The Man with the Golden Arm* is a trick that anyone could learn in five minutes.) This is not a tribute to his ability but to his script writers. He simply behaves in any part as he would behave in life. Artists transmute experience, but Sinatra is capable only of reproducing it. He is comfortable; he has a sense of rhythm; and he is identically angry with a villain on screen as he would be outside. The core of the distinction between Sinatra's "behaving" and acting is the obvious but often forgotten point that art is artificial, not real; its fidelity, even in naturalistic vein, is to truth, not fact.

Admittedly, Sinatra scores some effects. But I enjoy them the way I occasionally enjoy his singing. The analogy between his singing and his acting is reasonably complete. There is no technique in either: only a small, superficial gift and a poise that enables his pleasant self to affect us. If it were possible to see Sinatra in Brando's role in *On the Waterfront*, it would clarify the difference between mere simulation and creative acting.

THE Crosby school is hugely popular for another reason: it satisfies a social hunger which it has in part created. Millions of American youths want, apparently, to be casual, loose-limbed in walk and spirit, mellow-voiced in an offhand style, pursued by ladies but cool with them, not pugnacious but handy with their fists, and susceptible of being touched to finer issues—but always in contemporary argot. The adolescent dream-image changes continually through history: the knight, the beau, the Victorian idealist. Today for many it is the Bing-Frank-Dean figure. No

difficulty ruffles him, he is deep in an undemonstrative way, and he has a terse boff line for every occasion.

A female member of this school is Shirley MacLaine who plays a warm-hearted chippy in the film. Most of her work is done for her by her overdressing (which, in turn, is overdone) and by our preconceptions of the part; but she supplies just enough small-scale naturalness—with what might be called parlor presence rather than theatrical personality—to fill in the outlines.

A paradoxical embarrassment of the picture is that a genuinely good actor in it gives a poor performance. Arthur Kennedy, who plays Sinatra's brother, has long since proved his quality, but here he is like a good singer who, as happens to the best of them, starts an aria off pitch and struggles to get back through the whole piece. Kennedy seems conscious somehow that he hasn't got the thing right and this makes him strive harder and harder, but it is never under control. You keep wishing he could go back and start over.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

STUDY TOUR OF RUSSIA

Six weeks intensive study of political, economic, and social life in the USSR. Small group under academic direction now forming. Inquire Prof. S. Millet, Ardsley Travel, Ardsley, N. Y.

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU MOBILE. A Mobile that combines art, politics, literature. A conversation piece. Different, distinctive, \$2.00 postpaid anywhere. ART—MOBILES, T. B. Healy, 1241 Slater, Toledo 12, Ohio.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING!"

Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Catalog, details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-NR Olympia, Washington

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS

Economical, insured household moving. Vans, station wagons. Any time, any place. The Padded Wagon, AL 5-8343 (NYC)

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! \$10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Jr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

FREE! Writer's Market List!

If you're interested in writing fiction or articles for leading magazines, or book publishers, Daniel S. Mead, prominent literary agent, has prepared a catalogue of markets which is a "must" item. For free copy write:

Daniel S. Mead, 815 Broadway, Dept. NR
N. Y. 10, N. Y.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion).....12c
Per word 6 times in one contract year.....11c
Per word 13 times in one contract year.....10c
Per word 26 times in one contract year.....9c
Per word 52 times in one contract year.....8c

NEW REPUBLIC

1244 Nineteenth St. N.W., Wash. 6, D.C.

PRINTED BY NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO. 301 N ST., N. E., WASHINGTON 2, D. C.

Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

change his coloration with all the speed of a chameleon it is difficult, in light of his record, to envisage Nixon as a brave bold wolf slashing at a victim's throat. . . .

Nixon's closest analogy in the animal world seems to be the jackal Tabaqui in Kipling's *Jungle Books*:

The wolves of India despise Tabaqui because he runs about making mischief, and telling tales, and eating rags and pieces of leather from the village rubbish heaps. They are afraid of him too, because Tabaqui, more than anyone else in the Jungle, is apt to go mad, and then he forgets he was ever afraid of anyone, and runs through the forest biting everything in his way.

ROBERT N. LEE

Hollywood, California

► Science & Fiction

SIRS:

AS AN appendage to the ideas concerning foreseeing the future as discussed by John Rader Platt in your December 8 issue, it is interesting to note that non-scientists have predicted the future on many occasions:

In the *Arabian Nights*, we have stories of enchanted horses and flying carpets which are certainly suggestive of our air-borne traffic. Miracle drugs—especially radiation which cure diseases—play a prominent part.

Tennyson's *Locksley Hall* contains a vivid picture of commercial freight lines and of aerial bombings.

Jules Verne's novels concern aeroplanes, television, and submarines.

Jonathan Swift writes about a space ship which threatened the earth below it. He also foretold the discovery of the moons about Jupiter.

HERMAN O. MAKEY

Ft. Wayne, Indiana

► Leaders That Follow

SIRS:

I WAS very much impressed with Louis J. Halle's analysis of "Leaders that Follow" (NR, Dec. 1) and leaders that lead. I particularly agree that statesmen are ill-advised to shape foreign policy in "other-directed" compliance with "unsophisticated public opinion" for, as Halle points out, how "can doctors, shop-

keepers, factory workers, farmers or businessmen, with other uses of their time, keep themselves adequately informed?"

Yet, to change the subject slightly, Halle himself (according to a short parenthetical remark) believes to be sufficiently well informed about educating American elementary school children to brand as a "mistake" the writing of textbooks for eight-year-olds in the vocabulary of eight-year-olds, and to correlate this method with "undistinguished results." I fail to see the analogy between a president carefully avoiding to touch upon controversial issues in foreign policy when addressing a labor audience on this specific topic, and a textbook writer presenting his subject matter in a vocabulary that the majority of his readers can understand.

TONI PACKER

Niagara Falls, New York

► The Last Years of Our Greatness?

SIRS:

RARELY, a book or article appears, epochal and prophetic in its summaries and injunctions which, if those in power read, pondered and applied, might have changed disastrous courses of history.

Professor Hans Morgenthau's "The Last Years Of Our Greatness?" (NR, Dec. 29) is such a document. It *must* be brought to the attention of the President, members of the Cabinet and Congress! I urge you to reprint it and ask your readers to purchase and send copies with letters to their Representatives and all public leaders.

SIDNEY BLACKSTONE

Chicago, Illinois

► TRB and Party Politics

SIRS:

FOR a man of considerable political sophistication, T. R. B. occasionally gets away with some very unsophisticated remarks. Writing of the Democratic Advisory Council (NR, Dec. 15), he says, "One can't help hoping that if it goes on long enough the United States will ultimately have coherent political parties like other nations, instead of foggy coalitions."

If I were to offer a comment like this in one of my political science classes a tense silence would fill the room, the instructor would shudder visibly, and other members of the group would stare

at me with compassion and disbelief, as if I were a first-quarter freshman. Then would come the calm reply that ours is a nation of social heterogeneity and that party platforms must be broad—and therefore vague, general, and somewhat meaningless—if they are to appeal to a large number of diverse interest groups.

Unfortunately, I have never been able to think of an answer to this explanation. Even worse, I have never been able to rid myself of the desire to see coherent political parties in the United States. If T. R. B. has now found a happy reconciliation between the circumstances and our mutual desire, please, in the interests of political science and my peace of mind, have him divulge it.

THOMAS HAROLD REKDAL

Seattle, Washington

► The Filibuster as a Weapon

SIRS:

I HAD a cocktail with Maury Maverick, Jr., of San Antonio, the other afternoon and threw an olive in his left eye for his letter to you in the December 8 issue, in which he argued that since "the filibuster" has been used for the defense of minority rights in the Texas legislature, it is useful in the US Senate.

In the Texas Senate, where filibusters can be ended by majority vote, a few senators, (but mainly Henry Gonzales of San Antonio), were able to rouse public sentiment, to the extent it existed, against segregationist bills; but eventually a few of the bills were passed. In the Texas House, Maury and Rep. Edgar Berlin of Port Neches were able to stave off passage of some obnoxious witch-hunting legislation by grabbing the House microphone the last 40 minutes of a session that had to end at midnight. This wasn't a filibuster at all, it was appropriation of the microphone. But the Texas Senate case does demonstrate that under majority cloture, which is all that the Paul Douglas group propose for the US Senate, the legitimate purposes of the filibuster—debate at leisure, alerting the public with a dramatic protest, gaining time for public opinion to bestir itself and be felt through changed votes—can be served, while the fundamental right of the majority of a legislative body to rule is not denied by an obstructing minority.

RONNIE DUGGER

Austin, Texas